



AND

Weekly Register.

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SATURDAY, SEPT. 15, 1804.

THE HISTORY OF
Netterville:
A CHANCE PEDESTRIAN.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE following morning the young marquis hastened to the cottage unknown to his friend, and presented himself before the sisters, who were seated together at the breakfast-table; he immediately disclosed to them the motive of his visit, and in the most unreserved manner offered himself and his fortune to the acceptance of my aunt; he told her he feared it was in vain to expect his father's consent to their union, but that he was ready to make her his wife in the presence of any persons whom she might chuse to witness the ceremony. Eleanor thanked him for his good opinion, professed her esteem for him—but refused to listen to his overtures, unless sanctioned by the approbation of the marquis.—He left her at length in despair.

Day after day did he repeat his visits, until she refused to receive them; he then importuned her with letters, till at length Eleanor resolved to conclude the business at once by throwing herself and her sister at the feet of the marquis.—The three sisters presented themselves before the good old man, and implored his pardon of their innocent deception. He raised them from the ground, pressed them to his bosom—when Eleanor, overcome by his nobleness of soul, exclaimed, “O, my lord marquis, do with me what you like!”—She then informed him of every thing which had passed between herself and his son, and concluded with declaring she was ready to submit herself intirely to his guidance, even if he commanded her to bid adieu to his son for ever. “My dear child,” said the marquis, “answer me candidly—do you love my son?” Eleanor hesitated, and replied in the affirma-

tive. “And shall I not,” cried he, “render my boy happy in giving to his arms the sister of my Violante?”—He rose, and quitting the room, soon returned, leading the young marquis, who was astonished at the scene he was brought to witness, and looked round on all the company in vain for an explanation. The marquis enjoyed his confusion a few moments, and then exclaimed, “I ought, Hubert, to punish your disingenuousness towards me—but I now command you to receive that lady as your bride!” Hubert fell at the feet of his parent: “O, my father! pardon I beseech you, the error of uncontrollable affection—look at that lady, let her plead my excuse.” A general explanation now took place, and the evening concluded in universal harmony.

The marriage was soon after consummated, and my mother removed for a short time to the house of the young marchioness, (reserving the cottage as a retreat whenever inclination should prompt her to quit the gaiety of Paris or the chateau). Here she was daily, hourly in the company of Darlington, whose graceful manners and polished arts could not fail to interest in his favour a young woman whose ignorance of life and tender age made her an easy and credulous victim. He now, whenever they were alone together, seized the opportunity of professing himself her lover, but guarded his conduct in the presence of the marquis and her sister with the most sedulous vigilance; Eleanor, however, could not fail to observe the alteration in her sister's spirits, and imputing it to the right cause, became uneasy—yet she also guarded the secret with equal care, lest any misunderstanding should arise between her husband and his friend. At this period Darlington pretended to receive letters from his father commanding his return to great Britain; and he bade adieu to my mother with tears, and vows of everlasting constancy and affection. Alas! she believed him sincere, and soon after his departure returned to her cottage, to give loose to the sadness of her soul, under the affliction which his absence had occasioned.

She found not in this peaceful retreat the happiness it was wont to bestow: the flowers were no longer cultivated by her hand—alas! they were watered with her tears! the landscape no longer retained its beauty—it was jaundiced by the unremitting melancholy which had taken possession of her soul! Time stole away, and her heart secretly whispered that Darlington had forgotten her—when as she was sitting pensive and dejected one evening, he suddenly presented himself before her—he threw himself at her feet, he repeated his vows of unalienable affection, he obtained from her a confession of love in return, and, under the pretext of his father's having threatened to disinherit him, if he united himself to a heretic, he prevailed on her to consent to a private marriage—and she became his wife the following day in the presence of Jacques and Agnes. He now promised that long before the period of their return to England, her family should be made acquainted with her marriage—and this quieted her scruples with regard to concealing it from her sisters.

Two months wore away, during which time Blanche was the happiest of women: she generally spent the days at the chateau, where her husband was apparently an accidental visitor, and her evenings were crowned and enlivened by the constant smile which the countenance of Darlington displayed. At this period she became pregnant, and it was impossible for any length of time to conceal their marriage. The assiduity of Darlington increased with his wife's situation, until one night he rushed violently into the house, and commanded her instantly to prepare to quit France: “That cursed fool the marquis (cried he) is no more!” Blanche uttered a violent shriek, and fainted away. On her recovery, she demanded an explanation, and learnt that her husband and the young marquis had a disagreement, and that the former had fallen by the hand of a Darlington. “O, my sister, my beloved Eleanor!” cried she, “I am the cause of all your misery, I that would die to render you happy! and the gen-

crous marquis—"D—n him!" cried Darlington, with much vehemence; and, striking his forehead, he exclaimed—"Yes, stay, Blanche, and console your Eleanor—but leave the wretched Darlington to the horrors of an untimely grave!"

Blanche now endeavoured to soothe him, and ere morning they had left the cottage, and proceeded many miles from its vicinity; at the sea-side a vessel waited their arrival, in which they immediately embarked—and thus my mother entered Great Britain. She landed in this town more dead than alive, and the following day was delivered of a dead child, in consequence of fatigue and agitation of spirits. Her life was a long time despaired of, and the shock she had sustained was aggravated by the remembrance of the misery which she had caused her two sisters. Her frame thus emaciated by disease, her mind agitated by anxiety, the bloom faded from her cheek, her beauty was no more—and Darlington now beheld the wreck with indifference; no longer able from weakness to attend to his whims, no longer able to study his gratification, no longer an object of attraction, because her person had lost its novelty, and the more sterling beauties of her mind were overlooked—he became disgusted with her society, and absented himself from her entirely. What could now console her sad heart—what could re-animate the faded cheek—what could revive the liquid lustre of the languid eye? Alas! nothing!—And with a small annuity, which was regularly paid her through the hands of an attorney, she contrived to support an existence of misery, still hoping a time might arrive when her ungrateful husband would again seek her society.

For five years she stemmed the torrent of contumely which the world heaped upon her, and contented herself with the name of mistress to the man who was really her husband. Often and often has she wished herself in France with her two sisters—but how could she bear the presence of Eleanor, whose husband had been murdered by Darlington!—At the end of this time my father returned to her again—he confessed his errors, implored her forgiveness, and soon reinstated himself in her favour. Alas! it was only with the intention of again abusing her confidence, of rendering her the more completely miserable—for, about a month before my birth he again left her!

and she never heard from him until about a month since, when he wrote to her by the attorney who remitted to her the annuity, and informed her that it would be discontinued for the future, and that he expected she would resign his daughter: that she was no longer to consider herself as his wife, as he had many years before united himself to a lady of his own country, and that his marriage with her had been by him made purposely informal and illegal, as he never intended to admit her to the rank of his wife, or that his child should be considered as his legitimate daughter. He further told her, he thought she had better return to her own country, as the young marquis still lived, and the fabrication of his death had been composed by him, only to render her a more easy prey to his artifices!

O, God! who shall speak the sensations of my dear mother as she read this barbarous letter!—suffice it to say, that though her mind became from that moment unsettled, she positively refused to part with her poor Blanche. Alas! you was an eye witness of her despair!—How often am I tempted to curse the vile author of my being—but God will, I hope, still preserve me from such wickedness!—Mr. Netterville, I can scarce believe my senses!—God for ever bless and keep you, and reward you for your goodness and generosity to

BLANCHE DARLINGTON."

CHAPTER XV.

OUR hero had scarce put the memoirs of Blanche into his pocket, before Latimer entered the room; and after conversing for some time on different subjects, he turned the discourse to the only one which appeared to occupy his thoughts. Lewisham attempted to rally him on the inconstancy of his nature, and the sudden transfer he had made of his affections—"Ah, my friend?" replied he, laying his hand on his heart

"None without hope, e'er lov'd the brightest fair.
Love calls for love—"

"Not all the pride of beauty;
Those eyes which tell us what the sun is made of;
Those lips whose touch is to be bought with life;
Those hills of driven snow, which seen are felt:
All these possess'd are nought, but as they are
The proof and substance of an inward passion,
And the rich plunder of a taken heart!"

"And then do you really think, Latimer, that Blanche loves you?" Latimer coloured, hesitated, and at length replied—"I hope time and assiduity on my part

may awaken an interest in her heart—let me die if I do not think her handsomer than Clara!" Lewisham shook his head—"Ah, my friend, your sentiments are strangely altered; O, would to God that it was in the power of woman to overcome my attachment to Miss Walsingham; but I am made, I fear, of very old-fashioned materials, and an impression once fixed can never be erased."—"I hope," said Latimer gaily, "you do not mean to die in despair, to convince Clara of your fidelity?" Lewisham smiled—

"Men have died (continued Latimer) from time to time:

And worms have eaten them—but not for love."

"Well, 'Constancy' is my motto," said Lewisham, "and only with life can I lose remembrance of Clara's virtues!"

"Let no mortal sing to me
The stupid joys of constancy;
Nature bids her subjects range,
All Creation's full of change."

"I wish, dear Latimer," said Lewisham, "that I could persuade you to be serious for only one half hour—I wish I could persuade you to answer me candidly one question which I mean to propose to you.—'Name it,' said Latimer hastily, "but beware how you encroach on the friendship between us."—"I have done," said Lewisham; "I have, it is true, no right either to admonish or advise—yet I wish you to beware how you commit an action which wars against every manly, every noble feeling; your heart is not formed for the dominion of vice."

"I wish to know, Mr. Netterville, what has given you a right to question my conduct?"—"Friendship, the most sincere and disinterested—the right which every man has to succour the innocent, and to protect the weak—the right of claiming a voluntary promise made in my presence!"—"And pray, sir," asked Latimer, laying his hand on his sword, "who dared to affirm that I ever did, or ever shall violate a promise?"—"I hope in God you never will," said Lewisham; but why all this anger? you know I am actuated solely by the wish of rendering you happy, and, in your cooler moments, you will allow it."—"I am cool now," said Latimer, walking about the room, "perfectly cool, when I assure you I will answer no impertinent questions—your friendship, Mr. Netterville, I disclaim from this moment;" and he walked towards the door—"Your Quixotic right of protecting fair damsels in distress you may exert," continued he, sarcastically; "but with regard to any promise made by me, I am sufficient to vindicate my

own honour, and shall perform it or not, as I think proper, without once stopping to consider what your wisdom may think of it." The entrance of an officer now put a stop to the conversation for some moments, and Latimer retired but immediately returning, exclaimed, "I was to blame, Mr. Netterville, ever to suffer myself to entertain a friendship degrading to my family"—"Stop, Latimer," cried our hero, "stop an instant, to reflect on the consequences of our rashness, if not for your own sake, for mine—consider the extent of misery which must attend your perseverance;" and he laid his hand on the arm of Latimer—"as yet," continued he, "we are friends, my obligations to your uncle"—"D—n your obligations," cried Latimer—"curse your friendship—you are a mean, dishonourable scoundrel, not content with striving to rival me in the esteem of Clara, you are now practising your diabolical arts on the unsuspecting mind of Miss Darlington."—Lewisham laid his hand on his sword, "In your cooler moments," said he, "you will, I am sure, apologize for this outrage—O, Latimer, into what a situation have you thrown me! my own character, as a man, as an officer, will not suffer me to put up tamely with an insult of this nature—yet I will be calm."—His composure still more irritated Latimer; who, no longer being able to controul his passion, struck him a violent blow on the cheek.—"This is beyond human nature to support—I can endure no more," exclaimed he, turning to the officer—"Mr. Mapleton you have witnessed my provocation, I should, indeed, deserve the imputation of cowardice, could I tamely put up with an insult like this—Mr. Latimer, you will hear from me in the evening. Come, Mapleton, it is time for us to keep our engagement." So saying, he took that gentleman by the arm, leaving Captain Latimer in possession of the field, but whether conqueror or not I leave my readers to determine. As soon as they quitted the apartment, Lewisham explained to Mr. Mapleton the origin of this disagreement, and requested him to be his second on the occasion. "But I have several little matters to arrange," said he, "and will consider myself particularly obliged, if you will call on me in the evening." Mr. Mapleton promised to do as he requested, and for the present they separated.—What were now the reflections of Lewisham?—Alas! his mind was in a state of anarchy and confusion; for though the

laws of honour, and the peculiarity of his situation, obliged him to meet Latimer, yet he could neither reconcile it to his conscience or his feelings, to meet, in a hostile manner, the man whom he still considered as his friend—a man with whom he had lived in habits of intimacy—and who he had seen every day for the space of three months—whose uniform friendliness of conduct had, except in this one instance, been unvaried—the nephew or Lord Newark—perhaps to take away his life, and by this one act, plunge a dagger in that bosom, which had been generously open in raising him from obscurity; or, perhaps, to lose his own in the commission of an action which was at variance with every principle of piety and religion, and which, at the very moment he determined to hazard, his mind recoiled from—yet the world and its censures proved too much for his resolution, and, in compliance with its arbitrary laws, he sat down and wrote to Latimer, but not with his usual composure—"I could," cried he, flinging down the pen, "meet death, in the day of battle, without agitation—but thus deliberately to lift my hand against my associate—O Heavens! it is too much! World, world! how cruel and illiberal art thou; yet I cannot bear your contempt, I cannot bear to have my name branded with infamy.—O beloved, and lamented instructor of my youth! no longer art thou present, to admonish thy once loved Lewisham—no longer can he consult thee in the hour of distress—no longer can he ease his distracted heart by unbosoming himself to thee.—O God, I have no possibility of extricating myself from this labyrinth?" He now first recollected that should he fall in the engagement which was determined on, his death would, in all probability, leave the unfortunate Blanche a defenceless prey to the machinations of Latimer; and he resolved to use every argument in his power to persuade her to quit Margate that night, and put herself under the protection of Clara—the recollection of her at this moment agitated him.—"Clara, beloved Clara!" cried he, "perhaps I shall never see you more—will you shed one tear over my grave?—will you heave one sigh to his memory who would have sacrificed existence for your sake? Yet what will it avail me then—O my sad heart!"—At the entrance of the house he met Latimer, who cast at him a fierce glance of contemptuous defiance.—Lewisham supported himself with a dignified calmness, and pausing a few moments,

entered the apartment of Blanche in his accustomed disengaged manner; after the usual compliments had passed, he informed her that he apprehended he should quit Margate sooner than he at first intended.—"And as you have often wished for the society of some amiable woman, I am now come, Miss Darlington, to request you will give me the satisfaction of knowing you to be in a place of safety before my departure leaves you without a protector."—"I cannot quit Margate," replied Blanche, without seeing Captain Latimer: I have just now promised him to take no step of the kind without consulting him."—"Miss Darlington," cried Lewisham, with emotion, "I entreat, I implore you, for once, to wave all scrupulous delicacy, and let me hire a chaise to convey you to Clara; you know not the interpretation a cruel and malevolent world will put on your receiving the visits of my friend—have, alas! most probably, put on them already."—"Then your own," replied Blanche, smiling, "pass without comment or remark!"—"I am an obscure individual," returned he, "the character of my friend is well known; he almost lives in your society: yet pardon my frankness, believe me I mean not to offend."—"I can never be offended with you," returned Blanche, "but my word has been pledged to your friend, and I cannot violate it; to-morrow, however, I shall be happy to comply with your request—to-morrow I will go."—"It is the last I shall, perhaps, ever urge to you, Blanche," replied our hero, "and it is a trifle"—"Therefore not worth contention," retorted she; and, as I have passed my word, we will drop the subject."—"Believe me, Blanche, I would sacrifice life to render you happy, and have a particular reason for imploring you to leave Margate this night."—"Name it," said Blanche, looking at him with earnestness. "It is impossible," answered Lewisham. "Then be satisfied, my friend, this night I remain here, to-morrow I will go at any time you will appoint."

A POOR PUN.

A MAN having bought a very fine felt hat, a young *beau* thinking to disgrace him, told him, "he scorned to keep company with such wool-headed fellows."—"Sir," answered he, "you disparage your own judgment; for, whatever you think, my hat is as good a *beaver* as ever was *felt*."

For the Philadelphia Repository.

THE SCRIBLER.—No. XIX.

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam cari capitis.

HOR.

TO THE SCRIBLER.

SIR,

THE literary men of eminence which America has yet produced are few. Barlow, by his "Visions of Columbus" and other poems has conferred high honours on her; Trumbull by his "M-Fingal" inspired her with a love of liberty, and held the principles of her enemies up to ridicule; the cause of the tories (as they were termed) themselves, and the arguments they used to support it, are exhibited in the most ludicrous and witty manner. He justly has been termed the Butler of America. Humphries, Dwight and several others are also well known even considered as poets and literary men; their usefulness, however, has not been thus circumscribed. Many, at different times, have shone forth, excited attention, and raised expectation; but, soon forsaking the paths of literature, have engaged in other avocations, which, employing most of their time, have excluded the hope of their again entering them. Different from Europe, few persons here employ their time exclusively in literary pursuits; men of fortune are either not of studious habits, or not possessed of sufficient abilities to produce any works of consequence or merit, and men who depend on their talents alone, would scarcely meet with encouragement sufficient to afford them a handsome subsistence. Several characters have lately arose, whose genius and abilities have surpassed mediocrity, and which, discovering themselves in youth, are the promises of future fame. But how have all those hopes (in one instance) been destroyed by the grievous, the lamented death of the Rev. Mr. LINN. May they not again (soon) be so fatally blasted, may not death again destroy those pleasing expectations, that noble pride which the friends of their country enjoyed whilst contemplating the honour he would hereafter have conferred on her! Ye who have read those works he had presented to the public eye; ye for whom literature has charms and who were captivated by the lays of the poet whose muse has sung so sweetly; ye who admiring his talents displayed at so early an age, looked forward to the time when years should have matured them, and experience given

energy to his genius; what must have been your emotions on hearing of his sudden death! None ever promised more fairly; his ardent thirst for knowledge and a desire to be useful, encouraged every hope which was formed. To his extreme study, alas! are we, in a great measure, to attribute his sudden death. "Awful is the lesson of such an extinction; triply awful its suddenness. Let no one say it is not more awful than the similar destiny of ordinary beings; for the impression made by unexpected, immediate and everlasting absence, will be strong in proportion to the abilities and usefulness of those who at once vanish from society. We feel the lesson sink deep into our hearts, when minds so largely endowed, and adorned evince in their fate the great uncertainty of life."*

In human hearts what bolder thoughts can rise,
Than man's presumption of to-morrow's dawn!
Where is to-morrow? in another world!

YOUNG.

As a divine, those who were accustomed to hear him in the pulpit, can attest to his extraordinary merit. His discourses were elegant and forcible, he was fervent in his adoration, his manner was unaffected, and his loss may truly be said to be irreparable.

While the duties of his station were sufficient to engage a greater portion of his time than his health would well admit of, he was, notwithstanding, employed in other works, of which "the powers of genius" is an example. This is not the mere work of the poet alone, it displays the extraordinary and extensive knowledge of almost every author extant who is deserving of notice. The notes which contain remarks on the works and authors mentioned in the poem, display the most correct taste, the greatest impartiality and contain much useful information. His smaller poems, the largest of which are the "Midnight hymn" and "Address to hope" are (especially the latter) extremely animated and beautiful. The concluding lines of the latter, expressive of his hopes of futurity, may, with propriety, on the present occasion, be added here—

One promise, Hope, which thou hast made
Shall never, never, never fade;
'Tis that which bids me look on high,
To you bright world beyond the sky;
Where God my maker reigns alone,
And calls the angels round his throne.
Then haste ye rolling years away,
Sink worlds and systems in decay,
Break thou bright day upon the night,
When heaven shall open to my sight. †

* Miss Seward's life of Darwin.

† These lines are perhaps not quite correct, as I quote from memory.

The correctness of Mr. LINN's versification, his elegant, and often original flights, proclaim him a poet of the greatest excellency. America has produced few to exceed or equal him.—In his controversy with Dr. Priestly, I am informed by those who have perused his pamphlets, that they add much to his fame. They display great cogency of argument, the most correct ideas, and extensive knowledge of his subject. To cope with a man of the talents and learning of Priestly, whose great erudition and voluminous works rendered him famous in Europe, and in spite of the malice of party, respectable in America, was a bold undertaking. But LINN began it with vigour, and it was carried on with great spirit until prematurely ended by the death of the former. How little did we imagine, when Priestly died, his opponent was so soon to follow him! The controversy is now forever ended, and nothing remains of it but the pamphlets in which it is contained, to which we can occasionally recur, to remind us of their power, and regret their extinction.

Of the sermons of Dr. LINN, none, I believe, have been published, except that occasioned by the death of Dr. Ewing. On such an occasion, after describing the character, talents and usefulness, of the subject of it, little new can be suggested. This discourse will not suffer in a comparison with those of any of his contemporaries. I have thus, Mr. Scribler, attempted to pay a small tribute of respect to the memory of one whose abilities and character I venerate, and whose loss I regret. I had not the pleasure of any further acquaintance with him but than what I derived from his writings, from hearing him in the pulpit calling his attentive hearers to the ways of virtue and imploring for them from their God his blessing and protection, and from his general character.

Yours,

EUGENIUS.

RUSTIC REASONING.

A clergyman, who wished to know whether the children of his parishoners understood their Bibles, asked a lad that he one day found reading the Old Testament, who was the wickedest man? "Moses to be sure Sir," said the boy "Moses!" exclaimed the parson, "Moses! how could that be?"—"Why," said the lad, "he broke all the commandments at once."

For the Philadelphia Repository.

MR. SCOTT,

I send you inclosed a parcel of JUVENILE SCRAPS; with which, if you chuse, you may occasionally supply some unoccupied corners of your paper. I am as sensible, as any body can be, of their imperfections; but at present I see no eligible way of attempting to make them better. Were I to assert (what is a positive fact) that the most of them were written, before the age of 17, by way of exercises when I was a lad, at a common country school, 'tis ten to one if one in ten would believe me; and were I to correct their faults, and present them in a new dress, however pleasing, they would, from that moment, cease to be Juvenile Effusions, and I might be accused of endeavouring to impose upon the public. These considerations, added to another reason, namely, that I have neither leisure nor inclination to consume much time upon critical examinations of any kind, induces me to submit my Scraps to that destiny, whatever it may be, to which you may consign them. One observation more, if you please—Perhaps I may have some claim to indulgence on account of the *imperfection* with which every publication is stamped; for (as he, who was a complete judge in such cases, most emphatically sings) —

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
And consequently, if printing presses be not employed until *infallibly perfect pieces* be presented for publication, they must inevitably remain unemployed forever.

JUNIO.

JUVENILE SCRAPS, NO. I.

ADDRESS TO THE
MORNING STAR.

HAIL, beauteous harbinger of day!
To thee, my earliest matin lay
I dedicate; to thee I sing;
To thee my artless tribute bring:
O, if thine influence e'er inspire
The bosom with poetic fire,
Deign to impart one ray to me,
And make my numbers worthy thee;
While youthful Fancy strikes the string,
And I thine other influence sing,
As well where fame thine empire own,
As where that empire is unknown.

When weary nights the shepherds pass,*
Reclin'd upon the verdant grass;
While all their flocks, intranc'd in sleep,
Unbroken rest and silence keep;
With sad impatience, they survey
The eastern sky, and wish for day.
Soon thou appearest twinkling bright,
Calm gliding up the vault of night;
And, as thy beams the heav'ns adorn,
Foretell'st a new returning morn.
Thy presence soon the shepherds hail:
No longer now their bosoms swell
With anxious longings for the day,
To chase their mental glooms away.
Expecting morn, their minds serene;
Swift flies the dull, the sombre scene;
A cheerful gleam illumines their souls,
Their sudden'd feelings all controuls;
Inspires with joy, makes glad the night,
And turns their darkness into light.

Addresses have (so story says)
Been made for thee in various ways,
But none more strange than those that bear
Love's tender sorrow, woe and care.

* Scene—a farm on the banks of the Delaware.

For youths and virgins cross'd in love;
Whose hearts with soft sensations move;
As well as those who dare not tell
The passions which their bosoms swell;
When dreaming Fancy paints the grace
Of some cold fair-one's beauteous face;
Or gently steals to Damon's arms
Some conqu'ring, cruel queen of charms;
Or to th' enamour'd maid displays
Her lover (who, in num'rous ways
Of falsehood, strove to wound her peace)
Now kneeling at her feet submits;—
How soon th' ideal prospects fire
New kindling hope and fond desire.
Their breasts with warm emotions thrill,
And with the sweetest pleasures fill—
Sudden they wake—the phantoms flies;
As suddenly their pleasure dies.
They now feel new-awaken'd woes,
And seek in vain to find repose.
At length, bright Morning Star, thy light
Attracts their sorrow-swimming sight.
To thee, their happy, kind resort
They make address and pay their court,
Unfold the heart, pour out the soul,
That feels Love's power without controul:
One prays thine interposing aid,
To melt the cold, the cruel maid;
T' other to turn the roving youth,
Devoid of sympathy and truth.

When the lone traveller, who strays
Through unknown, unfrequented ways,
In the last stilly hour of night,
Imagines that his path is right;
But finds himself in some morass,
Or desert, where he cannot pass,
Nor yet return by the same track,
Nor trace his devious footsteps back;
He feels his heart oppress'd by fears:
The darkness round more dark appears;
Glooms cloud on glooms, till through his soul,
Alarm and dire forebodings roll;
Loud screams the screech-owl—all around
The waste returns the dismal sound.
When, almost ready to give up
His vain pursuit, and ev'ry hope,
Thy fair appearance in the sky,
Causes his doubts and fears to fly;
And reassures his anxious breast,
That coming morn will make him blest.

Nor art thou welcome less to those
Who knowing neither ease, repose,
Nor sleep, laid on affliction's bed,
Feel, as it were, life's comforts dead;
Rack'd by the agonizing throe
Of pain, and sickness' ceaseless woe,
While all around are hush'd to rest,
And all but they seem sweetly blest.
Night's dreary darkness grows more drear;
Long and more long the hours appear:
How ardent do they wish for day,
In hopes it will their pains allay!
O then, how raptur'd do they gaze
Upon thy soft and cheering rays,
Which with a silv'ry light adorn
The path-way of the coming morn!

Not so is thy appearance blest
By those who roam while others rest;
Who with a vitiated heart,
Nature's fair order strive t' invert,
By turning into day the night,
To gratify each dear delight;
They, scorning future bliss or woe,
Seek only happiness below:
While laws, both human and divine,
In vain forbid each dark design.

Some the lew'd midnight revel keep,
While all around are wrapt in sleep;
Some burning with illicit fires,
Rove almost wild, with mad desires;
Some, th' assassin's garb beneath,
Send merit to the shades of death;
Some with incend'ry hand destroy
Whole families' support and joy;
Some rob a neighbour, brother too,
And e'en a father of his due:
They love to hear the orphan's cries,
To fill with tears the widow's eyes,
To follow appetite and thence
Blast the fair bud of Innocence.
These do not joy to view thy face,
Serenely beaming radiant grace:
But like the savage beasts of prey,
That roam the lawless deserts' way,
They thy appearance hate to see;
The coming of the day they flee;
To haunts obscene direct their flight,
To hide them in the shades of night.

J.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

COMMUNICATION.

MR. EDITOR,

I AM one of those females who have passed the flower of their age in celibacy, that is, I am now in my 27th year, yet am still tolerably handsome, and possessed of a considerable fortune, which renders me perfectly independent. My character, when very young, was remarkable for sensibility, and a romantic turn of thought, which indeed has continued thro' every period of life: a kind of family pride, which I inherit from my mother, has always preserved its place and seems to gain ground with age: curiosity, which I acquired from my nurse who was a philosopher of the old school, is also a predominant passion, sometimes affecting me in a high degree. When I am informed my neighbour has got a new dress, or a sweet-heart; or when any smart beau comes to town, I am on the wrack till curiosity has received ocular gratification. Altho' slow deliberation has never been a part of my character, yet I have been able to run thro' life, thus far, with an unspotted reputation. Envy and malevolence have indeed scattered their poisonous filth all around, yet it either fell short of me, or was soon washed away by the crystal stream of innocence. My knowledge of human nature is not so extensive, as to enable me to judge with propriety, in all cases, whether such a person might be suitable to make me happy; yet I have always depended upon it, and according to its dictates I have given my verdict; except a few cases, in which caprice had the ascendancy.

I assure you, Mr. Editor, many smart beaux have paid their addresses to me, and at one time I was as much envied and hated as if I had been the greatest coquet in town; and yet, nothing is more true than that the character of coquet has always been my aversion. Perhaps at this time I may have been a little too vain or proud of my good fortune; but for this I hope to receive pardon, for, such is human nature, that we are elated in prosperity, and depressed in adversity.

I own that sometimes, merely to gratify caprice, I have endeavoured to give pain to those, who, by repeated asseverations of inviolable attachment, would have persuaded me to love; altho' at the same time, I had every solid reason to believe there was nothing sincere in their pretensions. A young man once left me with the profest intention to hang, drown, or shoot himself, young and vain as I then was, the thought would have shocked me, had I not been convinced, that his words were as void of meaning as his head was of brains. I have often heard of love driving people to distraction, and suicide; and also that some ladies have felt a secret pleasure in hearing the report of their lovers having murdered themselves, being driven to distraction by their cruelties. These stories, however, have in them something so shocking and unnatural as to prevent their being believed even by the most credulous. Vanity, I own, is a powerful passion in the female breast; but such descriptions are rather caricatures than pictures of even the most vain of the sex. This season of life, tho' commonly reckoned the happiest, I have found so cloudy and tempestuous, and the brightest sun-shine of love so often eclipsed by the black clouds of contending passions, that I was pleased when the calm temperature of a more advanced age had arrived: so true it is, that the most delightful of human pleasures will become insipid, by a too frequent enjoyment, or a too long continuance. Since I have been entered upon the list of old maids, I have acquired a talent, useful to many, but perhaps somewhat hurtful to myself; a talent which few old-maids have sufficient discernment to possess, or patience to practise, namely, that of discovering characters suitable to be joined together in wedlock; and that of carrying on intrigues between lovers. I am also become an excellent critic in beauty, and can, at first sight, discover whatever is beautiful or defective, graceful or unbecoming, in any person, whe-

ther male or female. I can entertain the gentlemen with a list of the first-rate belles, and all their accomplishments, in the most minute and circumstantial manner. Detraction is not a part of my composition, yet I must own, I sometimes feel an inclination to underrate some of their characters, because they seem to eclipse others who are in all respects much more amiable. Such however is the judgment of our modern beaux, they prefer the witty repartee, the smart jest, and the showy education, dancing, &c. to the modest domestic virtues, which do not aspire to attract attention; but yet are much more conducive to happiness than the former.

You will please to pardon these digressions, and next you shall know in what respect this criticising spirit has been hurtful to myself; it has procured me the hatred of many of my female acquaintances, and very little esteem from the men; so, that they only resort to me when they wish to learn the character of some *new belle*, or to hear my opinion of some celebrated beauty. When a lady becomes distinguished for any particular virtue, modesty excepted, she is immediately shunned by both sexes and left to pass her days in celibacy; hence the most celebrated female authors, linguists, mathematicians, &c. have spent disconsolate lives, objects of fear and hatred to their own sex, and of respect without love to the other. Just so it happens to me; possessing information somewhat superior to the greater part of young ladies, I am looked upon as a person too dangerous to be connected with, as one who would usurp the prerogatives of her husband, and aspire to the reins of government. There are other circumstances which may have led to this suspicion, but the detail of them would be tedious; and as they have generally arisen from envy or ill-will, noticing them would confer an undeserved honour on the authors.

I have laid before you almost as much as I know of my own character, and have only to add, if some of *your* correspondents would take the matter into consideration, and favour the public with a dissertation on the cause, rise, and progress of *old-maidism*, it would be a happy circumstance: And if the *Scribler* would consecrate a few of his numbers to the holy purpose of recommending matrimony, he would confer a still greater happiness, and a lasting obligation on

CLAUDIA.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

Fungar vice cotis, acutum,
Reddere quæ ferrum valet exors ipsa secandi.

Horace.

I will serve instead of a whetstone, which, though not able of itself to cut, yet can make steel sharp.

Smart.

MR. SCOTT,

NEVER pretending to perform in public, or hoping to gain any pecuniary emoluments, by spouting; I do not pride myself in abilities that way; consequently the passage which the *consonant P.* has cited, to me does not apply; leaving that, together with the observations on HENRY, which do not concern me, I shall proceed to show his nonsensical production in as glaring light as possible.

His manner of beginning tells me that I have an antagonist of little erudition, and but a small portion of sense, to cope with. He says, "I have dealt my blows indiscriminately, regardless of gratitude or truth."—The disjunctive conjunction here evidently proves I am but of one regardless, he takes his choice, and says "of truth" but a little after confutes that, by quoting in application to me,

"What sacred truth from what polluted lips!"

and since I was allowed to possess gratitude, and he acknowledges I have truth, therefore I am, of *neither*, regardless.

My remarks on Pharon have been answered in strains the most abusive against that promising performer: yes, Pharon has fallen a victim to the bitterest aspersions which jealousy could dictate; but stop, Mr. Scott, let us see whether this illiterate creature has not blundered and told the truth unwittingly, in this instance,—"not murder itself, whose horrid name pales the countenance, was able to remove the smile from his countenance, nor keep his boyish eyes, &c." In this sentence the two negatives *not* and *nor*, palpably make an affirmative: he has been so accustomed to speaking truth, that when he tries, he cannot always make a *lie*. The vulgarism "*phiz*" adds little to the elegance of his diction. To any conscientious spectator, I will appeal for the justness of my remarks, and not hear the opinion of "MR. VERITAS;" but why is all this rancour levelled at Pharon only? all he defends, for all he apologizes but him; not because Pharon got praise, Zaphna got praise too; what then? why, a circumstance which redounds to the honour of this injured person—he would never take part in those plays which were acted for money; neither would he lend his dress to his successor, the last time the tragedy

appeared—this at once unfolds the riddle, this is the cause of those malignant epithets which the *non-malicious* P. has so liberally lavished; he accuses me of not having a 'tincture of partiality' for the association; they were strangers to me, what I did was for their good; but P. thinks malice unpardonable in a stranger, when it is palliative in a brother performer: and lest they should think Pharon an accessory in writing that criticism; I solemnly declare that he knew not of the piece until he had seen it in your Repository.

Alcanor, I did say, spoke extremely blusteringly, also that his prayer was delivered with languor, where is the contradiction? Is not the meaning of languor, stupidity, or sluggishness of understanding—then, cannot a person speak languidly and blusteringly? but this "VERITAS" quotes falsely "Alcanor's languid voice was disgusting." As a proof of Alcanor's affectedness I introduce the following evidence of testimony, verified in HENRY and me *—"When three or when two persons, having had no opportunity to concert a plan before hand, concur in the same declaration, we believe them, though we have had no experience of their veracity, because we know, that in such case, their declarations would not be consistent, if they were not true."

The reason he gives for the judicious selection of the play is "that the difficulty of performing female characters ought always to be the first consideration, and that that play, had but one in, of course the choice was judicious." We will suppose a play with three female dramatis personæ, they being simple, three males might represent them passably enough; but another play has such an arduous persona as Palmira; now which would be the better, to do the three middling well, or the one not at all? consequently the choice was not judicious.

I wish P. would tell me what calumnies I have thrown upon Palmira or any other of the *honourable body*; I told the faults of which I conceived she was guilty—she could not be heard in any of the front boxes, and the character is no excuse for her low tone of speaking, they might as well have no personage of her, as to have her part just whispered.

Why does he think I bear malice to Mirvan, when I never have seen him off the stage? "the continual *plaudits* of a respectable audience at once contradicts it;" this boy should be whipped to school,

that he might learn not to make a noun plural nominative to a verb in the singular number. "Mirvan was the best figure, on the stage, that evening," if his huge bulk make it the best, I grant it; "and showed an acquaintance with theatrical representations which would by no means, be a disgrace to the boards of a regular Theatre." Here *acquaintance* is the antecedent of the relative *which*; and I coincide with him that an acquaintance with theatrical representations, is by no means disgraceful to a regular or irregular theatre. Poor fellow, he cannot squeeze out his meaning; what an ornament to consonance! the best figure he was not; his bulk contradicts the beauty of his person, his bow the gracefulness of it, and his accent, roaring, and manner of extending his arms, prove that he is no adept in acting, but a mere ranter.

Mahomet, it is not likely, had a gown trimmed with ermine, which is an animal found in cold countries, whose skin is choice and very valuable; if he had told us it was a cat-skin perhaps he might have had credit.* "The great men of the Turks let their beards grow, and their legs are covered with boots of shining leather," Mahomet had neither beard nor boots, but he had a gown which was like those usually worn by the Romans and hence Virgil calls them

"*Dominos rerum Romanos gentemque togatam,*" he wore a little kerchief round his head, which was nothing like a Turkish turban. His voice was croaking, and he seemed almost throttled at every word he spoke. "The comparison in both cases are worthy so noble a critic as A." You will oblige me, Mr. Scott, if you lend this boy a grammar before he writes again. Oh! I am tired of such a blockhead!

Not intending to be severe, I did pass over Zaphna as cursorily as possible, but since he has provoked me I'll look farther into his acting. In *lethargy* the last syllable was pronounced *gay*; in *blasting*, the *a* like *au*, &c. the praise for his gestures he deserved, or he should never have got it, but for his expression the evidence of testimony is produced by Henry and myself; and Alcanor's drawling pronunciation of *inexorable* may with propriety here be mentioned.

I will now complete this scrip with the hope these players will get a better champion than P. otherwise they shall be considered as persons deserving little notice from

A.

* Stevens' description.

LITERARY SEVERITY.

When Dr. Johnson was exasperated by contradiction, he was apt to treat his opponents with too much acrimony; as, "Sir, you don't see your way through that question—Sir, you talk the language of ignorance, &c." On Doctor Maxwell observing to him, that a certain gentleman had remained silent the whole evening, in the midst of a very brilliant and learned society, "Sir, (said he) the conversation overflowed, and drowned him."

Philadela, Sept. 15, 1804.

COMMUNICATION.

To the Editor of the Repository.

SIR,

IT was with pleasure I observed in your last Repository, the copy of an Elegy on the death of Gen. IRWIN, written by one of the chiefs of the Osage tribe of Indians, while in this city. Doubts having arisen in the minds of some persons with regard to its authenticity, I beg leave to assure those who have too precipitately hazarded erroneous assertions on the subject, that, as it appeared in the Repository, it is a true and exact copy from the original Indian manuscript, now in my possession, which was very politely presented to me by Mr. Chateaux, the interpreter; who at the same time informed me that a gentleman (whose name he did not then recollect) was the only person that had taken a copy of the Elegy, and that I was at liberty to make what use of it I might think proper. Business of a more interesting and important nature to myself, has hitherto prevented me from communicating it, with an English version, to the public, as a specimen of savage ingenuity, highly worthy the attention of the curious, but in your next number, if nothing unforeseen should occur, I shall give the public a faithful translation as the subject will admit. The author of the Elegy is the celebrated KAM TSCHEE WHA, or MOON LOOKER, so well known to travellers as a man possessing strong intellectual faculties, and as a scourge to the small tribes of barbarians up the Missouri. The gentleman who communicated the elegy I am unacquainted with, and it is my wish that you would insert this to do away any blame that may be attached to his supposed base intentions to mislead the public and yourself.

A TRAVELLER.

MARRIED—On Wednesday evening last, Mr. Walter Davids, of this city, to Miss Elizabeth Harper, of Maryland.

DIED—On Monday morning last, in the 36th year of his age, Capt. Thomas Wilkie, late of the American navy.

To Correspondents.

"M F's translation of *La Fontaine's fable of the ape and the dolphin*"—also, "J's Sonnet to Fancy" shall be inserted next week.

"Henry's" communication is received, with which the editor will close an uninteresting controversy next week.

"F. J." is requested to mend his manners and correct his language, before he again sues for "editorial indulgence."

Temple of the Muses.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

MR. SCOTT,

The following was (actually) written during a fit of the tooth-ache, if you think it sufficiently interesting to merit a place in your Repository, please to insert it.

ON THE TOOTH-ACHE.

OH, dread disease which shakes my frame,
For which no just appropriate name,
None that can to the mind convey,
Of him who never felt its sway,
A just idea of its pain,
Which racks the head and clogs the brain,
Has yet been found:—
Hard is the fate of those who bear,
A mighty load of trifling care,
Who, tortur'd by unrelenting woe,
Strive ease and happiness to know:
Yet I would without murmur bear,
No trifling load of transient care:
Rather than on hard beaten bed
To tumble with an aching head;
Afraid to move, on flexible hinge
My tongue, lest thence a sudden twinge,
Should make me from the iron pillow bound:
And rise and traverse to and fro,
The cold dark room tortur'd with piercing pain,
Then shivering shrink back to my bed again,
Once more the tooth-ache's bitterest pang to know;
While loud the driving tempest roars,
And hoarse waves lash the echoing shores
While my bed-fellow loudly snores
Deep wrapt in sleep,
While I in tortures lie reclined
In my disorder'd, anxious mind,
Blue devils uncontrolled reign,
And evils, an intolerable train,
Then could I almost wish he had
The tooth-ache, or, some ache as bad;
For envy makes us hate to see
Another suffer less than we,
Sleep soundly,—snoring at one's side
Nor heed the howling storm, or rushing tide,
Which pile the white top'd waves upon the deep.
Or moping by the cheerful fire,
Where those from care and tooth-ache free,
Sing, laugh, or converse cheerily
And taste the joys which songs and mirth inspire,—
Perhaps some friend by sympathy
Inspir'd, may see and pity me,
May say, but merely for politeness sake,
“Good Sir, I hope your teeth don't ache;

“Be not dismay'd for I can cure't” he says,
And then his store of medicines displays,
“Here is a plaster put it on your cheek”—
“Another cries a roasted onion, hear,
“Go but to bed and tie it on your ear,
“‘Twill cure you soon.”—I hear a third one speak,
“Good Sir, in luke-warm water bathe your feet,
“Or gargle spirits,—this your teeth will heat.”
Each one is of a separate cure possess'd
And thinks his own more certain than the rest,
Try mine, try mine, each cries, *Adelio*,
While sullenly I mutter yes, or no,
And dread to speak, lest streams of chilling air,
Increase the horrid pain I'm doom'd to bear.
O if had a bitter foe
And pow'r to make
Him suffer dreadful woe
I'd give him,——tooth-ache

ADELIO.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

MISFORTUNE—A SONNET.

AS gilded prospects brighten to my view,
And streams of happiness appear to flow;
Lured by false hope, a phantom I pursue,
In paths where blooming comforts seem to grow.
But vain, alas, is ev'ry hope to gain
Contentment from sublunar joys I find,
The heav'nly boon must centre in the mind,
And spring from HIM who doth the world sustain.
Misfortunes, which from earth nor seas arise,
Which chance ne'er wings nor giveth pow'r to harm,
Which only come from HIM whose lenient hand
In mercy breaks each deleterious charm,
Disturb my dreams apparently so bland,
Point me from earth to look beyond the skies.

KASKADANDA.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

TO A YOUNG LADY.

HAPPY the man, who in thy sparkling eye,
His amorous wishes sees reflecting play,
Sees little laughing Cupids glancing rise,
And in soft swimming languor die away.
Still happier he, to whom thy meanings roll
In sounds which Love, harmonious Love inspire,
On his charm'd ear, sits wrapt his list'ning soul,
Till admiration forms intense desire.
Half Deity is he, who warm may press
Thy lips, soft swelling to the kindling kiss,
And may that lip, assentive warmth express,
Till Love draw willing Love, to ardent bliss.

Circling thy waist, and circled in thy arms,
Who melting, on thy mutual melting breast,
Entranc'd, enjoys Love's whole luxurious charms,
“Is all a God”—is of all Heav'n's possess.

PHILO.

LINES

Addressed to a Young Lady, wearing a Golden Key on her Bosom.

IN early days of Innocence,
As authors most divinely tell,
Eve did with every garb dispense,
Till from that innocence she fell!
In golden days the cottage gate
Was open'd by a simple latch;
No fear of fiends, who prowled for plate,
Requir'd strong bolts, or noisy watch!
When Innocence had fled the earth,
And man became a guilty race;
Vice gave to locks and garments birth,
To hide Man's treasure, Female grace.
Now Innocence once more doth reign
'Mongst womankind of modern day;
Columbia's lovely daughters deign
The heaving bosom to display.
Yet fear still prompts the Female's care,
To guard her charms from man's approach;
An arrow arms her mazy hair,
Her neck a medicated broach!
My *Emma*, who, in virtue bold,
Needs not the camphor's mystic charms,
Her bosom, with a key of gold,
Locks up from love's assaulting arms.
Venus has been to Lemons' cave,
To get a pick-lock for her boy;
Vulcan the fatal trinket gave,
And *Cupid* will the gift employ.
Then, *Emma*, do not scorn his art,
Nor thus defy unerring shafts;
Too soon they'll strike thy tender heart,
For love at every lock-smith laughs!
Vulcan, you'll say, from heaven expell'd,
Dares not to turn the golden key;
The office that *St. Peter* held,
I pray thee *Emma*, give to me.
Thy Bosom's treasure let me guard
With watchfulness and tender care,
Adversity's sharp blows I'll ward,
And sorrow shall not enter there!

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